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Ungod at the Font of the Blues

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and lined her own womb with cement
to make a graveyard for our children.

I have not been able to touch the destruction within me
but unless I learn to use
the difference between poetry and rhetoric
my power too will run corrupt as poisonous mold
or lie limp and useless as an unconnected wire
and one day I will take my teenaged plug
and connect it to the nearest socket
raping some 85 year old white woman
and as I beat her senseless and set a torch to her bed
a greek chorus will be singing in $\frac{3}{4}$ time
“Poor thing. She never hurt a soul. What beasts they are.”

Ungod at the Font of the Blues / Anthony McNeill

Poetry is a case of the loser winning. And the genuine poet chooses to lose, even if he has to go so far as to die, in order to win He is certain of the total defeat of the human enterprise and arranges to fail in his own life in order to bear witness, by his individual defeat, to human defeat in general.

—Jean-Paul Sartre

ungod who endure in the desert lift
the lush way
to taste listen smell touch
see the shape of this One
bird through the garden,
its acute, tinnient cry.
The adamant know
clear methods of tracking,
then lay the grief down
raggedly singing.
One rises announces
the sky
has burst into flames;
another—

my spirit be-
comes a sack full of ashes.
I open the window
see the bird blind

alone in such fine
sorrow so long

Words / Raymond R. Patterson

Each night with words
to wall out prison walls

brick by word brick by word
from darkness lifting

into wordless space
words from syllables of rage

to rise through caged tiers
towards the clear speech of stars

Can you see now in the dark
in the top of the makeshift scaffolding

the prisoner lifting
the final words into place

some jailer below
shaking his keys and shouting?

To All Brothers: From All Sisters / Sonia Sanchez

each nite without you.

and I give birth to myself.

who am i to be touched at random?